
Title: Crawworth Expedition - Day 4

Author:

The land has grown
somewhat more rugged,
and the terrain has
slowed our progress some.
We traveled east from
the village for as long as
we could, but now
mountains loom over us

and mock our inability to
traverse them. The paths
turn north before
reaching the rocky
outcroppings, and we have
followed with the path's
philosophy.
For the first time since
our arrival we were
attacked without
provocation. The riding
birds which we have seen
in two variations thus
far (the domesticated
ones used by the
villagers, and the rich
emerald hued ones who
roam the forest) have
produced yet another
breed. This one an evil
and malicious type.
The blackish grey thing
attacked CrawWorth as
he rounded a corner,
apparently it slipped past
Michelle, and attacked him
with a screech. It's beak
was furious and fast, and
only CrawWorth's superior
armor kept him from
sustaining serious injury.
He swung several times
at the beast with his
sword, but the riding
birds are quick and
graceful, and many of his
first attacks went
harmlessly past it.
Xarot was quick to his

side, however, and together the two of them goaded it into each others attacks. Xarot would feint to one side and swing hard, missing intentionally, and the bird would retaliate by trying to go around the other side of his swing. But CrawWorth would be there already, harshly assaulting the creature as it tried to avoid Xarot's blows. Within minutes of adopting this strategy the beast was felled.

Enas studied the corpse of the bird intently, apparently hoping to gain some insight into the creature's weaknesses or innate magical abilities. After half an hour he gave up exasperated, and simply cut as much meat off of the bird as he could. We plan to try eating it later...